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SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS

AND POEMS

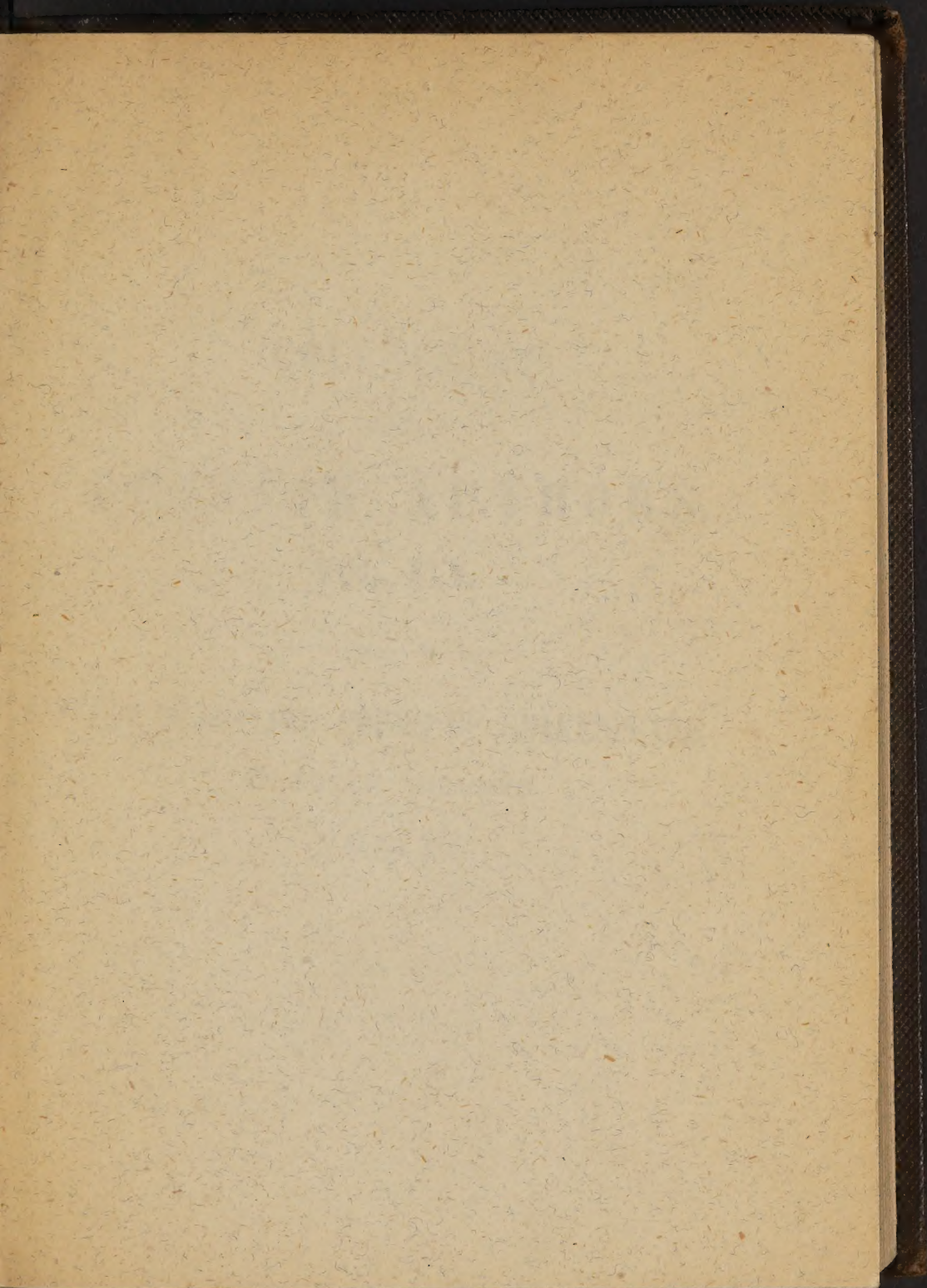
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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS.
VOL. XLV.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE
IN SEVEN VOLUMES.
VOL. VI.

BRITISH LITERATURE
IN THE
COLLECTION

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE
IN SEVEN VOLUMES
VOL. II

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

PRINTED FROM THE TEXT

OF

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F. S. A.

WITH THE LIFE AND PORTRAIT OF THE POET.

COMPLETE IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.



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BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN.

1844.

STANDARD BIBLE

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H A M L E T,

P R I N C E O F D E N M A R K.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark. HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King. HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet. POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain. LAERTES, his Son. VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, } ROSENCRANTZ, } Courtiers. GUILDENSTERN, } OSRICK, a Courtier. Another Courtier. A Priest.	MARCELLUS, } Officers. BERNARDO, } FRANCISCO, a Soldier. REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius. A Captain. Ambassadors. Ghost of Hamlet's Father. FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.	GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet. OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

SCENE, Elsinore.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO *on his Post.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who 's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
 Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

VI.

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them. — Stand, ho! Who is there!

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit FRANCISCO.]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. _____ *Say.* _____

What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us :
Therefore, I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night ;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile :

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond' same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: — it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio:

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'T is strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is 't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, Sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:
And even the like precursor of fierce events —
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on —
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen. —

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. — Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, [*Cock crows.*
Speak of it: — stay, and speak! — Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone. [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as't were, with a defeated joy, —
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole, —
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. — So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress
 His farther gait herein, in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject: and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no farther personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
 To show my duty in your coronation,
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will. —
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son, —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschool'd:
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father; for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And, with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg
 It is most retrograde to our desire;
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
 I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:
 Be as ourself in Denmark. — Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c.*

POLONIUS, and LAERTES.

Ham. O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! — nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month, —
 Let me not think on 't. — Frailty, thy name is woman! —
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she,
 (O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer) — married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules: within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. — O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, — or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? —
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord, —

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir. —

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio! —
My father, — methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
 Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pié,
 Appears before them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes. I knew your father;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did,
 But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face?

Hor. O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What! look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night:
Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no farther,

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read.

Laer. O! fear me not.
 I stay too long; — but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for. There, — my blessing with you;

[*Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear 't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, — to thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you: go; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit LAERTES.]

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'T is told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,

And that in way of caution) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, — extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making, —
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence:
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all, —
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,

As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, — though I am native here,
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners; — that these men, —
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, —
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of ill
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane: O! answer me:
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse; again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[The Ghost beckons HAMLET.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: — I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: — Go on, I'll
follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd: you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I call'd. — Unhand me, gentlemen, —

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me: —

I say, away! — Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. — To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, O list! —
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear.
'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be.— Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd; disappointed; unanel'd;
 No reckoning made; but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O; horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell? — O fie! — Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up! — Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O, most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
 I have sworn 't.

[Writing.

Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [Within.] So be it!

Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Mar. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think
 it? —

But you'll be secret.

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't my lord, we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-
penny?

Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, —
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then, we'll shift our ground. —
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer! — Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come; —
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, —
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on; —
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;" — or, "We could, an if we
would;" —
Or, "If we list to speak;" — or, "There be, an if they might;" —
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: — this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! — So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right.

Nay, come; let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in POLONIUS's House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo, Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, Sir, Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expense; and finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it. Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him; As thus, — "I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him:" — do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. "And, in part, him; but," you may say, "not well: But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild, Addicted so and so;" — and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank As may dishonour him: take heed of that; But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips, As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing: — you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
 You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to incontinency:
 That 's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
 That they may seem the taints of liberty;
 The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
 Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord, —

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here 's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate erimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence:

"Good Sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman," —

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this, — he does —

What was I about to say? — By the mass, I was

About to say something: — where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence,

As "friend or so," and "gentleman."

Pol. At, closes in the consequence, — ay, marry;

He closes thus: — "I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then: with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;

There falling out at tennis: or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlicet, a brothel" or so forth. —

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell! — How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, — with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors, — he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:

At last, — a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down, —
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their help,
 And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy of love;
 Whose violent property fordoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, —
 What! have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
 By heaven, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king;
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending: Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
 Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,
 And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time; so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry, and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son. — Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good
friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd, —
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand, — sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
 Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy;
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
 And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack:
 With an entreaty, herein farther shown,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprize;
 On such regards of safety, and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

[Giving a Paper.

King. It likes us well;
 And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business:
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
 Most welcome home. [Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Pol. This business is well ended.
 My liege, and madam; to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
 What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity,
 And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,

That we find out the cause of this effect ;
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect.
 For this effect defective comes by cause :
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend.

I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
 — “To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the most beautified
 Ophelia,” —
 That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; “beautified” is a vile phrase ;
 but you shall hear. — Thus :

“In her excellent white bosom, these,” &c. —

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful. —

“Doubt thou the stars are fire, [Reads.

Doubt, that the sun doth move ;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

“O dear Ophelia ! I am ill at these numbers : I have not art to
 reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, O most best ! believe
 it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine
 is to him, Hamlet.”

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me ;
 And more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
 Receiv’d his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful, and honourable.”

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 (As I perceiv’d it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me) what might you,

Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 What might you think? no, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
 "Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
 This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
 Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
 That I have positively said, "'T is so,"
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
 Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
 Be you and I behind an arras, then:
 Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently: — O! give me leave. —

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion, — Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive: — friend, look to 't.

Pol. *[Aside.]* How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: — yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. — What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which,

Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, Sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

[*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. — How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. — My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, Sir! [To POLONIUS.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

Guil. Mine honour'd lord! —

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then, is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent

for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you. [*Aside.*] — If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticpation prevent your discovery, and your secresy to the king and queen-moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man

shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. — What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, Sir, an eyry of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his pic-

ture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of Trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; — and you too; — at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. — You say right, Sir: o' Monday morning: 't was then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome, —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour, —

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass, —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why —

“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.”

Pol. Still on my daughter. *[Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,
“As by lot, God wot,”

And then, you know,

“It came to pass, as most like it was,” —

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. — I am glad to see thee well: — welcome, good friends. — O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: com'st thou to heard me in Denmark? — What! my young lady and mistress! By-’r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We ’ll e’en to ’t like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we ’ll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, — but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; ’t was caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remem-

ber, one said, there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: — let me see, let me see; —

“The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,”

— 't is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

“The rugged Pyrrhus, — he, whose sable arms,

“Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

“When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

“Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

“With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

“Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd

“With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;

“Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,

“That lend a tyrannous and a damned light

“To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,

“And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,

“With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

“Old grandsire Priam seeks;” —

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. “Anon he finds him

“Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,

“Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,

“Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,

“Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;

“But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

“The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

“Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

“Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash

“Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword

“Which was declining on the milky head

"Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :
 "So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
 "And, like a neutral to his will and matter ,
 "Did nothing.
 "But, as we often see, against some storm ,
 "A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still ,
 "The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 "As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
 "Doth rend the region ; so, after Pyrrhus' pause ,
 "Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ,
 "And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 "On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne ,
 "With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 "Now falls on Priam. —
 "Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
 "In general synod, take away her power ;
 "Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel ,
 "And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven ,
 "As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. — Pr'ythee, say on: — he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. — Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. "But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen" —

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
 "With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
 "Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
 "About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
 "A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
 "Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
 "'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
 "But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 "When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 "In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
 "The instant burst of clamour that she made,

“(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
 “Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
 “And passion in the gods.”

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes! — Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'T is well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. — Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do your hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodkin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow. — Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. — Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. *[Exit Player.]* My good friends, *[To Ros. and GUIL.]* I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Ay, so, good bye you. — Now I am alone.
 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently

They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and; perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing.
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

*Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia: her father, and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you. —
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. — Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. — Read on this book; [To OPHELIA.]
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. — We are oft to blame in this, —
'Tis too much prov'd, — that, with devotion's visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O! 't is too true: [*Aside.*] how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be; that is the question: —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? — To die, — to sleep, —
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; — to sleep: —
To sleep! perchance to dream: — ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. — Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia. — Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
 And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should
 admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with
 honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner trans-
 form honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty
 can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a
 paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
 Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something settled matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love. — How now, Ophelia!
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
 We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Same.

Enter HAMLET and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there

be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. — [Exeunt Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. — [Exit POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of my soul
 Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle;
 Get you a place.

*Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS,
 OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the
 air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words
 are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. — My lord, you played once in
 the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol;
 Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.
 — Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's Feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by-'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again,

seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou —

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies:

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
 Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
 To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now, —

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
 And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O! but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we that have

free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. — Begin, murderer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: — The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately

[Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light! — away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away. —

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my

fortunes turn Turk with me) with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear!

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very — peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning, —

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! — Come; some music! come; the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, — he likes it not, perdy. —

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come; some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, Sir, —

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir; — pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right

breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say, —

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! — But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, Sir, but "while the grass grows," — the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O! the recorders: — let me see one. — To withdraw with you: — why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. —

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, Sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then, will I come to my mother by and by. — They fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit POLONIUS.]

Ham. By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.]

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
 And do such bitter business as the day
 Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. —
 O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Same.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:
 I your commission will forthwith despatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many many bodies safe,
 That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,

VI.

Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! — Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force, —
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder! —

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 O those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 't is not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
 All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do 't: — and so he goes to heaven,
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
 A villain kills my father; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'T is heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent.
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
 Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act,
 That has no relish of salvation in 't;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Same.

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
 Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you;
 Fear me not: — withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS hides himself.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother! what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And, — would it were not so! — you are my mother.

Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me.
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. O me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king? [*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word. —
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell. [*To POLONIUS.*]
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger. —
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more!
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
 Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty sty; —

Queen. O, speak to me no more!
 These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
 Of your precedent lord: — a vice of kings!
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches. —
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards! — What would you, gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 Th' important acting of your dread command?
 O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! — Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodily creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come,
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For in the fatness of these pursy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And master the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so, —
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night. —
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. —
One word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do;
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secresy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen.

Alack!

I had forgot: 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd, —
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar, and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet. —
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room. —
Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs: these profound heaves
 You must translate; 't is fit we understand them.
 Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. —

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind; when both contend
 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,
 He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"
 And in his brainish apprehension kills
 The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
 It had been so with us, had we been there.
 His liberty is full of threats to all;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young man; but so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit,
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude! come away.

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. — Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander, —
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, — may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. — O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. — Safely stowed. — [*Ros. &c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft! — what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing —

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 't is so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all. — How now! what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. *[To some Attendants.]*

Ham. He will stay till you come. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety, —
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, — must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. — But, come; for England! — Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

[*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king
Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, Sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. — I humbly thank you, Sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, Sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event, —
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, — I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain? — O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'T were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. *[Exit HORATIO.]*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know* *[Singing.]*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady.

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

[Singing.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia, —

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Singing.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did not go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine:

Then, up he rose, and don'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:*

He answers.

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. And now, behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *[A noise within.]*

Queen.

Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend!

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. *[Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? — Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[They retire without the Door.]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. — O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? —
Let him go; Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. — Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd — Let him go, Gertrude. —
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! —
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! —
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

*Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear; —*

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.*

*Oph. You must sing, Down a-down, an you call him
a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.*

Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.

*Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you,
love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.*

*Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance
fitted.*

*Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines: — there 's
rue for you; and here 's some for me: we may call it, herb of
grace o'Sundays: — you may wear your rue with a difference. —
There 's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they
withered all when my father died. — They say, he made a good
end, —*

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, — [Sings.

*Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.*

*Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?*

[Sings.

*No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed.
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!*

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!

[*Exit* OPELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, Sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. -- [*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, Sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell;

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
 I loved your father, and we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine, —
 How now! what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
 This to your majesty: this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
 They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
 Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them. —
 Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[Reads.] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am set
 naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
 kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-
 count the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'T is Hamlet's character. "Naked," —
 And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"
 Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,
 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
 "Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
 (As how should it be so? how otherwise?)
 Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
 So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd, —

As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, — I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. — Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy, —
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this, —

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer.
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'T were better not assay'd: therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! — let me see: —
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning, —
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter Queen.

How, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. — Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time, she chanted snatches of old lauds;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. — Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church-Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To 't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my behave,

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrouding sheet:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[Sings.

[Throws up another scull.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair

of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave 's this, Sir?

1 Clo. Mine, Sir. —

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1 Clo. You lie out on 't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'T is a quick lie, Sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'T will not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, Sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a scull now; this scull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, this same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [Takes the Scull.]

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that

were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. — Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! *[Puts down the Scull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: — here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
 As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
 And but that great commmand o'ersways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
 Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done.
 We should profane the service of the dead,
 To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
 May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministering angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell. [*Scattering flowers.*]
 I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife:
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O! treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of! — Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaping into the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaping into the Grave.]*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen, —

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. — What wilt thou do for her?

King. O! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou 'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. — Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. —

[Exit HORATIO.]

[To LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's
speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push. —

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. —

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO

Ham. So much for this, Sir: now shall you see the other. —
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly, —
And prais'd be rashness for it, — let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again: making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unfold
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 O royal knavery! an exact command, —
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life, —
 That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains, —
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play, — I sat me down,
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.
 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king, —
 As England was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
 And many such like as 's of great charge, —
 That on the view and know of these contents,
 Without debatement farther, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
 I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't th' impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon —
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage — is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In farther evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. — Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 't is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, — as 't were, — I cannot tell how. — But my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter, —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

[HAMLET moves him to put on his Hat.]

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, Sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant —

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. — Well, Sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is —

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, Sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, Sir, hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he

hath laid, on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. *[Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours. — He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *[Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou would'st not think, how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord, —

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The King puts the Hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir: I've done you wrong; But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play. —
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come; one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick. — Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table. —
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
 "Now the king drinks to Hamlet!" — Come, begin; —
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: — again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
 Here's to thy health. — Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.

Come. — Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*]

Laer. A touch; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath. —

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam, —

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup! it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, You but dally:
 I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. — How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is 't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, *Osrick*; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, — O my dear Hamlet! —

The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [*Dies.*

Ham. O villainy! — How? let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too! — Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: — is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself. —

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me!

[Dies.]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. — Wretched queen, adieu! —
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you, —
But let it be. — Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I'll have it. —
O God! — Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. — [March afar off, and Shot within.
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited — The rest is silence. [Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. — Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [March within.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and Others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. — O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,

Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him. —

Take up the body. — Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. *[A dead March.*

*[Exeunt, marching; after which, a Peal of Ord-
nance is shot off.]*

KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, King of Britain.	Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
King of France.	Physician.
Duke of Burgundy.	Fool.
Duke of Cornwall.	An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Duke of Albany.	Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
Earl of Kent.	A Herald.
Earl of Gloster.	Servants to Cornwall.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.	
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.	GONERIL, }
CURAN, a Courtier.	REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.	CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.
— The king is coming. [Sennet within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA,
and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. — Know, that we have divided
In three, our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my daughters,
 (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state)
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where nature doth with merit challenge. — Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
 Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find, she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short, that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then, poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer than my tongue.

[*Aside.*]

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd on Goneril. — Now, our joy,

Although our last, and least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. — Hence, and avoid my sight! —

[To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! — Call France. — Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. — Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughter's dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. — Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

[Giving the Crown.]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. — What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! recreant!

[Laying his hand upon his Sword.]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [To CORDELIA.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! —
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love. —

Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal Sir;

Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great king, [To FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you

T' avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do 't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? — My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again: — therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison. —
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly
appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation
we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister
most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'T is the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slen-
derly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash;
then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imper-
fections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly
waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as
this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between
France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father
carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last sur-
render of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate. Fine word, — legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: —
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
 And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
 Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
 Upon the gad! — Edmund, How now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the Letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it
 into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to
 hide itself. Let's see; come; if it be nothing, I shall not need
 spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my

brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them,
Are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR." — Humph! — Conspiracy! — "Sleep till I waked him, — you should enjoy half his revenue." — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! — Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heaven and earth! — Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! — Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. — And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! — 'T is strange.

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars:

as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of stars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous. — Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth

in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That 's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there 's my key. — If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. — [*Exit* EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! — I see the business. —
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of ALBANY's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. — When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, Madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away! — Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks; as flatteries, when they are seen, abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, Madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: — I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course. — Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. — Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldest thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him
truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to con-

verse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho! dinner! — Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you, — [Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clod-pole back. — Where's my fool, ho? — I think the world's asleep. — How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there 's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into 't. — But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. — Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. — Go you, call hither my fool. —

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you Sir, you Sir, come you hither. Who am I, Sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Laer. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his Heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away,

away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes OSWALD out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT Money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: — here 's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that 's out of favour. — Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcombs myself. There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do..

Fool. Mark it, nuncle. —

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set lees than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then, 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee
 To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me;
 Do thou for him stand:
 The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear;
 The one in motley here,
 The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord,

Fool. No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.— Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing? — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some. —

That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank, and not-to-be-endured, riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on,
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? —
Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? — Why this is not Lear.
does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either
his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied. — Sleeping
or waking? — Ha! sure 't is not so. — Who is it that can tell me
who I am? — Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false
persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright,
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
 A little to disquantity your train;
 And the remainder, that shall still depend,
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —
 Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — O, Sir! [*To ALB.*]
 are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, Sir. — Prepare my horses.
 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*]
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know,
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name. — O, most small fault!
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
 From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]
 And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
 Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord. —
 Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!
 Into her womb convey sterility!
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child! — Away! away! [Exit.]

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers, at a clap,
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. — Life and death! [*To GONERIL.*] I am
 ashamed,

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
 Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. — Ha!

Let it be so: — I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever. [*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool
with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel. — A hundred knights!
'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness, — how now, Oswald!

Re-enter OSWALD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit Osw.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, 'as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face.

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong. —

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. — So kind a father! — Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! — Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad! —

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question, Which I must act. — Briefness, and fortune, work! — Brother, a word; — descend: — brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches. — O Sir! fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid: You have now the good advantage of the night. — Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste, And Regan with him: have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. — Pardon me; In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you: Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now 'quit you well. Yield: — come before my father; — Light, ho! here! — Fly, brother; — Torches! torches! — So, farewell. —

[*Exit EDGAR.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.* Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. — Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress. —

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir. When by no means he could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! — Go after. — [*Exit Serv.*] By no means, — what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; — Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found — dispatch. — The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce

My very character) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter? — I never got him. [*Tucket within.*
 Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes. —
 All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
 (Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, Madam! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
 He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam: 't is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
 'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
 That if they come to sojourn at my house,
 I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'T was my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. — For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam.

Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: [*Drawing his Sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: — draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:

He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd

At suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, of bite the holy cords atwain.
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following. —
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:
 I have seen better faces in my time,
 Than stands on any shoulder that I see
 Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
 Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
 Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he;
 An honest mind and plain, — he must speak truth:
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
 Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flickering Phœbus' front, —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
 It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
 To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;

When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. — Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd
hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 't will be ill taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw: —
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. — Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery: — I know, 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, — seeking to give
Losses their remedies. — All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
Smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,

I will preserve myself; and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
 Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
 That's something yet: — Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and a Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters. Horses are
 tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the
 loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs,
 then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't: 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage;
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!

Thy element's below. — Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, Sir; here, within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here.

[*Exit.*]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away,

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood! —
Fiery? the fiery duke? — Tell the hot duke, that —
No, but not yet; — may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. — Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry — "Sleep to death."

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.]

Lear. O me! my heart, my rising heart! — but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down:" 't was her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adult'ress. — O! are you free? [To KENT.]
Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's-naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here. —

[Points to his Heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee: thou 'lt not believe,
With how depriv'd a quality — O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience. I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, Sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, Sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state
 Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
 That to our sister you do make return:
 Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling]
 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.
 Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan.

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. —

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, Sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
 Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
 So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:
 Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn. 'T is not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter OSWALD.

Reg. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. — Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows. —
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. — Who comes here? O heavens!

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part! —
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? — [*To GONERIL.*]
O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides! you are too tough:
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl. —

Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot. — Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [Looking at OSWALD.]

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
 I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome. Give ear, Sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so —
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir. What! fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise. — I'll go with thee:

[To GONERIL.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both:

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.

O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks. — No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall — I will do such things, —
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep: —
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

[Storm heard at a distance.]

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep. — O, fool! I shall go mad.

[Exeunt LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and 's people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'T is his own blame hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Con. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. — He is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
 Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
 There 's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, Sir! to wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure
 Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
 He is attended with a desperate train,
 And what they may incense him to, being apt
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings; —
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner. — Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,
 And she will tell you who that fellow is
 That yet you do not know. [*Thunder.*] Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That, when we have found the king; in which your pain
 That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him,
 Holloa the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes spout,

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That will with two pernicious daughters join
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
 Before the head has any,
 The head and he shall louse; —
 So beggars marry many.
 The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make,
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake.

— for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace, and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir! are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. — I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 't is rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. —
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit, —* [Sings.

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, —

Must make content with his fortunes fit;

For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt* LEAR and KENT.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. — I 'll speak
a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors:

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues,

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build;

Then shall the realm of Albion

• Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing.
When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from
me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their per-
petual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor
any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; — 't is dangerous to be spoken; — I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me that which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter: The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee; But where the greater malady is fix'd, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear; But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free, The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind Doth from my senses take all feeling else, Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to 't? — But I will punish home. —
 No, I will weep no more. — In such a night
 To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril! —
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, —
 O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in:
 In, boy; go first. — [*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty, —
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —
[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en
 Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the Hovel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me!
 help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
 Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. —
 Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. — Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. — O! do de, do de, do de. — Bless thee from whirlwinds, starblasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. — There could I have him now, — and there, — and there, — and there again, and there. [Storm continues.]

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? — Could'st thou save nothing! Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. — Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill: —
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven:

one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by. *[Storm still continues.]*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. — Ha! here 's three on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings. — Come; unbutton here. — *[Tearing off his clothes.]*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in. — Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. — Look! here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold, footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear, —

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. — Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Moth he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher. —
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. —
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death. — Ah, that good Kent! —
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man! —
Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!

[*Storm continues.*]

I do beseech your grace, —

Lear.

O! cry you mercy, Sir. —

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glo. In fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let 's in all.

Kent.

This way, my lord.

Lear.

With him:

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo.

No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*

His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an

intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — [*To him.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. — The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come whizzing in upon them: —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight. —

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; — [To EDGAR.
Thou, sapient Sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes! —

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! —
Wantest thou eyes at trial, Madam?

Fool. *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: —
Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.*

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a night-
ingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring.
Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. — Bring in the evidence. —
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; — [To EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity. [To the Fool.
Bench by his side. — You are o' the commission, [To KENT.
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath
before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her
father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. — Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart; see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. — Avaunt, you
curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wait:
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, march to wakes and fairs,
and market towns. — Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds
about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these
hard hearts? — You, Sir, [*To EDGAR.*] I entertain you for one
of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments:
you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains.
So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a little ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps : —
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. — Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. *[To the Fool.]*

Glo. Come, come, away.
[Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the Ring.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things, and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow:
He childed, as I father'd! — Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this
letter: — the army of France is landed. — Seek out the traitor
Gloster. *[Exeunt some of the Servants.]*

Reg. Hang him instantly,

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. — Edmund, keep you

our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: — farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor Gloster, Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[Exeunt other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces? — Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. *[Servants bind him.]*

Reg. Hard, hard. — O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. — Villain, thou shalt find —
[REGAN plucks his Beard.]

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! — O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see, vengeance, —

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

Serv. O, I am slain! — My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. — O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. — Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless. — Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd. —
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. — How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. — Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain: — throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN; — Servants unbind
GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace:
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes here? —

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! I have been your tenant, and your
father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, Sir! you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. — Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say, "I am at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be? —
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*To him.*] Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir! he is mad.

Glo. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. [Exit.]

Glo. Sirrah; naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — *[Aside.]* I cannot daub it farther.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. *[Aside.]* And yet I must. — *[To him.]* Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of ALBANY's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way. — Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then, shall you go no farther.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a Favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air. —
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*

O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit* OSWALD.]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd,
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack! why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall's dead;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes
 So speedily can venge! — But, O poor Gloster!
 Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. —
 This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer;
 'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
 But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life. Another way,
 The news is not so tart. [*To him.*] I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd against him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back,
know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration
of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O! then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

Were like a better May: those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. — In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!" — There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then, away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'T is so they are afoot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
 And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack! 't is he: why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
 With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*] — What can man's
 wisdom,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, Madam:
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress! — Seek, seek for him;
 Let his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, Madam:
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'T is known before;—our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about,
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear, and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, Madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Something — I know not what. — I'll love thee much;
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: y' are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's. — You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, Madam: I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark! do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, y' are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir; here 's the place: stand still. — How
fearful,

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. — I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good Sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! —
 Now, fellow, fare thee well. *[He leaps, and falls along.]*

Edg. Gone, Sir: farewell. —

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
 By this had thought been past. — Alive, or dead?
 Ho, you Sir! friend! — Hear you, Sir? — speak!
 Thus might he pass indeed; — yet he revives.
 What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
 Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
 Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
 Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
 Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes. —

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
 To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up: — so; — how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
 Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 't would say,
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king
himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect. — There 's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:
draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look! a mouse. Peace,
peace! — this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. — There 's my
gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown bills. —
O, well flown, bird! — i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! —
Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! — with a white beard! — They flatter'd
me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere
the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every
thing I said! — "Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me
chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I
found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'
their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie, I am not
ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause? —
Adultery. —

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. —

Behold yond' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends: there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is
the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption; —
fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apo-
thecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny
at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not love. — Read
thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office. —

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air

We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

Glo. Alack! alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools. — This a good block? —
 It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. O! here he is: lay hand upon him. — Sir,
 Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
 The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well;
 You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
 I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
 Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
 Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good Sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely,
 Like a smug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.
 Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall
 get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit: Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
 Past speaking of in a king! — Thou hast one daughter,
 Who redeems nature from the general curse
 Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir!

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
 Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
 How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bilding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: — the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR interposes.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass.
And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been
zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man;
keep out, che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your costard or my ballow
be the harder. Ch'll be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your
foins. [*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. — Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British party: — O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. —
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends. — He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. — Let us see: —
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have
many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and
place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he re-
turn the conqueror; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol,
from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place
for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say)
"affectionate servant,
GONERIL."

O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 't is well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and Others, attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear Madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. — How does the king?
[*To the Physician.*]

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Doct. Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Good Madam, be by when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. *[Music.*

Doct. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave. —
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? — Fair day-light? —
I am mightily abus'd. — I should even die with pity
To see another thus. — I know not what to say. —

I will not swear, these are my hands: — let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O! look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me. —
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good Madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,
Till farther settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'T is time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, Sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: — bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not. —

She, and the duke her husband, —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

[*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. —
Sir, this I hear, — the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let us, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho! I know the riddle. [*Aside.*] I will go.

Enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter,
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it,
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.]

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, Sir! [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Alarum; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No farther, Sir: a man may rot even here.

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
 And take upon's the mystery of things;
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
 He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
 The gougjeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
 Take thou this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow them to prison.
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
 Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
 Mark, — I say, instantly; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
 If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Captain.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and
 Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
 And fortune led you well. You have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety,
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at farther space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness. —
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him:
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach! — General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:
Dispose of them; of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[*To EDMUND.*]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. — Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GON.*] — For your claim, fair
sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster. — Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I'll prove it on
thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick! O, sick!

Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*]
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald. — Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

“If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army,
will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is
a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trum-
pet. He is bold in his defence.”

Edm. Sound! [*1 Trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*2 Trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*3 Trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o’ the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What’s he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself: what say’st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
 Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
 Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine honours,
 My oath, and my profession. I protest,
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
 And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust below thy foot,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever. — Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O, save him! save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster.
 By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame;
 Or with this paper shall I stop it? — Hold, Sir! —
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
 No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit GONERIL.]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[Exit an Officer.]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true;
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. — List a brief tale;
And, when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst! —
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we 'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost: became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack! too weak the conflict to support)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more more woful, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
 Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he 'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: twice, then, the trumpets sounded,
 And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help, help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of — O! she's dead:

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead! —
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman]*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot! —
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia? —
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. — Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: — some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send, —
Be brief in it, — to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia. —

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! O, run!

Edg. To whom, my lord? — Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms; EDGAR,
Officer, and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! — O! you are men of
stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. — She's gone for ever. —
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. — Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever! —
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is 't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low — an excellent thing in woman. —
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: — I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. — Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. — He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. —

You lords, and noble friends, — know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power. — You, to your rights,

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

With boot, and such addition, as your honours
Have more than merited. — All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O! see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never! —

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, Sir. —

Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —

Look there, look there! —

[*He dies.*]

Edg.

He faints! — My lord, my lord! —

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg.

Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg.

He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. — Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*]

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me; I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.	MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.	Clown, Servant to Othello.
Two other Senators.	Herald.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.	
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.	DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
OTHELLO, the Moor.	EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.	BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.
IAGO, his Ancient.	
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.	

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

Oft capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
 I know my price: I am worth no worse a place;
 But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
 And, in conclusion,
 Nonsuits my mediators; "For certes," says he,
 "I have already chose my officer." And what was he?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, Sir, had th' election;
 And I, — of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
 Christian and heathen, — must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster:
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 't is the curse of service,
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir t' the first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, Sir! content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd:
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their coats
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
 And such a one do I profess myself.

For, Sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
 In following him, I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 't is not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father;
 Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kinsmen;
 And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
 thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra.

Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, Sir! you are robb'd; for shame, put on
your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What! have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra.

The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir, —

Bra.

But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod.

Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod.

Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, Sir! you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse: you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper! — call up all my people! —

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already. —

Light, I say! light!

[Exit from above.]

Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)
 Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state, —
 However this may gall him with some check, —
 Cannot with safety cast him: for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
 (Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have none,
 To lead their business: in which regard, •
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness. — Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her? — O, unhappy girl! —
 With the Moor, say'st thou? — Who would be a father? —
 How didst thou know 't was she? — O! thou deceiv'st me
 Past thought. — What said she to you? — Get more tapers!
 Raise all my kindred! — Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven! — How got she out? — O, treason of the
 blood! —

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act. — Are there not charms,
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. — O, that you had had her! —

Some one way, some another. — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most. — Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night. —
On, good Roderigo; — I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with Torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here, under the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits

May speak, unbonneted; to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with Torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends.
 What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
 And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
 It is a business of some heat: the galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels;
 And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent above three several quests,
 To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
 If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

[*Exit.*

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. — General, be advis'd:
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers, with Torches and Weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
them. —

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O, thou foul thief! where hast thou 'stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if't is not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That weaken motion. — I'll have 't disputed on;

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant. —
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands!
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bear me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior:
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! — Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Council-Chamber.

The DUKE, and Senators, sitting at a Table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd:
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'T is oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now, the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: — if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoined them with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought. — How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain then for Cyprus. —
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 *Sen.* He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him: post, post-haste dispatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and *Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman. —

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [To BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold of me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense)
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After its own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[To OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, — in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing, —

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof:
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. —

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello,

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, — in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,

And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man. — Come hither, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty.
 To you, I am bound for life, and education:
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
 I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you! — I have done. —
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it. —
 Come hither, Moor:
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child,
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. — I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw more mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief:
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:

But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for
Cyprus. — Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to
you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed suffi-
ciency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
more safer voice on you: you must, therefore, be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,

I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.

Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;

Due reference of place, and exhibition,

With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords: 'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,

That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my reputation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 With such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
 A man he is of honesty, and trust:
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so. —
 Good night to every one. — And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith. — Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
 I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,
 And bring her after in the best advantage. —
 Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
 To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well; if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guineahen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which, our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call — love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor, — put money in thy purse; — nor he his to her:

it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; — put but money in thy purse. — These Moors are changeable in their wills; — fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. — She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse. — If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will;
 In double knavery, — How, how? — Let's see: —
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are. —
 I have't; — it is engender'd: — hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

*Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.**Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:

I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inselter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in:

A Veronesé, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor. — O! let the heavens

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail."

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns heard.*

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency. — How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nnight's speed. — Great Jove! Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort. — O, behold!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. —
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear. — How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship.

[Within.] A sail, a sail!

But, hark! a sail.

[Guns heard.]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
 This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news! — *[Exit Gentleman.]*
 Good ancient, you are welcome. — Welcome, mistress. —

[To EMILIA.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
 That I extend my manners: 't is my breeding
 That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
 As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
 You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have leave to sleep :
 Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
 She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
 And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
 Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
 Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
 Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
 You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise,

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st
 praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,
 For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on; assay. — There 's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —
 Come; how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
 Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
 It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours,
 And thus she is deliver'd.
 If she be fair and wise, — fairness, and wit,
 The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How, if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
 She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
 For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the

alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, — "now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion! — Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. — How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake. — [*A trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be, *[Kissing her.]*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. *[Aside.]* O! you are well tun'd now;
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle. —
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle? —
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. — I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel!

He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. — Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. — Come hither. — If thou be'st valiant — as they say base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, — list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. — First, I must tell thee this — Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger — thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, — again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, — loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a subtle slippery knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of

grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! — But, Sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not: — I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:
The Moor — howbeit that I endure him not, —
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lustful Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, —
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, —
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, —
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; —
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd:
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and *Attendants*.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. — Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [To DESDEMONA.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. —
Good night. [Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o'clock.
Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom
let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night
with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of
provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I
have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gal-
lants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black
Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy

brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't, but it dislikes me. *[Exit CASSIO.]*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus, — noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle, —
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. — But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.]
And let me the canakin clink:

*A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor — lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. — Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, — no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, — I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's

to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; — this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. — I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. *[Exit.]*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.

'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 't is pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? *[Aside to him.]*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. *[Exit RODERIGO.]*

Mon. And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within, — Help! Help!*]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave! — teach me my duty?

I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir;

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say! [*Aside to Rod.*] go out, and cry — a mutiny. [*Exit Rod.*]

Nay! good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen! —

Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — Sir, — Montano, Sir; —

Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed! [*Bell rings.*]

Who's that that rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the death. [*He faints.*]

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant! — Sir, Montano, — gentlemen! —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
 Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. —
 Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
 From her propriety. — What is the matter, masters? —
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: — friends all but now, even now
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
 (As if some planet had unwitting men)
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds;
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it, Michael, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
 And passion, having my best judgment collied,

Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report: —
But men are men; the best sometimes forget: —
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine. —

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up! —
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed. —

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon. —

Lead him off. — [*MONTANO is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —
 Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my
 reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what
 remains is bestial. — My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
 some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in repu-
 tation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got
 without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no repu-
 tation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!
 there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast
 in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so
 as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion.
 Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good

a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, Sir. — I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: — I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces: — confess yourself freely to her;

importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition; that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. And what 's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
 To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements. And, then, for her
 To win the Moor, — were 't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, —
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on;
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear, —
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor:
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. — How now, Roderigo!

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be — I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while. — By the mass, 't is morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done.
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on:
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. — Ay, that 's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains:
Something that 's brief; and bid good-morrow, general. [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples,
that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clo. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that I know.
But masters, here 's money for you; and the general so likes
your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no
more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't
again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not
greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away. Go;
vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There 's a poor piece of
gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife
be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour
of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, Sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem
to notify unto her.

[*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend. — In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. *[Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you, —
If you think fit, or that it may be done, —
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
 And by him do my duties to the state:
 That done, I will be walking on the works;
 Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord; I'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, — shall we see 't?

Gent. We wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my husband,
 As if the case were his.

Des. O! that's an honest fellow. — Do not doubt, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, Sir! I thank you. You do love my lord;
 You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
 He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
 Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
 That policy may either last so long,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
 That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
 My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
 I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
 To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
 His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle every thing he does
 With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die,
 Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purpose.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,
 That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How, now, my lord!
 I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good, my lord,
 If I have any grace, or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation take;
 For if he be not one that truly loves you,
 That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
 I have no judgment in an honest face.
 I pry'thee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of her best) is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much, —

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself?

Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. — Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with EMILIA.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: — discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. — Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say but now, — thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;

And, — for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath, —
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false, —

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you, —

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) — that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. —
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
 To say — my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;
 I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:
 Wear your eye — thus, not jealous, nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't.
 I know our country disposition well:
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is, not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak, —
 He thought, 't was witchcraft. — But I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. — But, I do see you are mov'd: —
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd. —
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself, —

Iago. Ay, there's the point: — as, — to be bold with you, —
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. —
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry? — This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.

[Returning.]

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
 (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
 Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
 Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years; — yet that 's not much: —
 She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage!
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself. —
 I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little; [*Lets fall her Napkin.*]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? — it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence;

And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go; leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so: —

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack. —

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

VI.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is it possible? — My lord, —

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Seizing him by the Throat.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense? —
God be wi' you; take mine office. — O wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! —
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note; O world!
 To be direct and honest, is not safe. —

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay. — Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
 I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it. — Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion:
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
 Would you the supervision grossly gape on?
 Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
 And being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
 One of this kind is Cassio.
 In sleep I heard him say, — "Sweet Desdemona;
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
 And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
 Cry, — "O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
 Cried, — "Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
 Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one: 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
 (I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that, —

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 't is true. — Look here, Iago;
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 't is gone. —
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
 Yield up, O Love! thy crown and hearted throne,
 To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
 For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontick, and the Hellespont:
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up. — Now, by yond' marble heaven,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words.

[*Kneeling.*]

Iago. Do not rise yet. — [*Kneeling.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
 You elements that clip us round about!
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody work soe'er.

Oth. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to 't.
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead: 't is done at your request:
 But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
 Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him. — How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. — [*Aside.*] O, hardness to dis-
semble! —

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.

Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying,

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here 's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand;

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,

But our new heraldry is — hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't:
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true: there's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick, to put me from my suit:

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you; —

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best,
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech. You must a while be patient:
 What I can do, I will; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now;
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother; — and can he be angry?
 Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.
 There's matter in 't, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit IAGO.*] — Something, sure,
 of state, —

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, —
 Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
 Of pain: nay, we must think, men are not gods;
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fit the bridal. — Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her DESDEMONA's Handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio? whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good: I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What!

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too :

May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;

They have it very oft, that have it not :

But, for the handkerchief, —

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou saidst, — O ! it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That 's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say, — as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab —

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he 'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did, — I know not what he did.

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her ! — We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her ! that 's fulsome. — Handkerchief, — confessions, — handkerchief. — To confess, and be hanged for his labour. — First, to be hanged, and then to confess : — I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus : — Pish ! — Noses, ears, and lips. — Is it possible ? — Confess ! — Handkerchief ! — O devil ! —

[*Falls in a Trance.*]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. — What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello! — How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course,
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. —
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O! 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unsuiting such a man)
 Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. But encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
 I say, but mark his gesture. — Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? [*OTHELLO retires.*]
 Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife, that by selling her desires,
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
 That dotes on Cassio, as 't is the strumpet's plague,
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter: — here he comes. —

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*]
 How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.]

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [Aside.]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [Aside.]

Cas. I marry her! — what! a customer? I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [Aside.]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her. —

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story. [Aside.]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck; —

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [Aside.]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hailes, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one. — What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? — A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing. — A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter crea-

ture: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is. — So delicate with her needle! — An admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear. — Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! —

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: — but yet the pity of it, Iago! — O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes. — Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: — I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. — This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. [A Trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good. — What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Giving him a Packet.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the Packet, and reads.*]

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. "This fail you not to do, as you will" —

[*Reading.*]

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'T is very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. —
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly an obedient lady. —

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, — obedient, —
Very obedient. — Proceed you in your tears. —
Concerning this, Sir, — O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home. — Get you away;
I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. — Hence! avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, — Sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus. — Goats and monkeys!

[Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? — This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
What he might be, — if, what he might, he is not, —
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What! strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What! did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: — go. —

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

She says enough; — yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy 's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery; — nay, despatch. [Exit EMILIA.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona! — away, away, away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day! — Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at;
 Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed?
 Committed! — O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds. — What committed?
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it. What committed? —
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then?

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you:
We have done our course; there's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. *[Exit.]*

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, Madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia:

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, — remember; —
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! *[Exit.]*

Des. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small 'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow. —
O, heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: —
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, — though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, — love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other, —

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant. [Trumpets.

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago; and
rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency,

than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, — I mean, purpose, courage, and valour, — this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Oth. O! pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? —

O! — Desdemona, —

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forth-with. Dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, —
Pr'ythee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. — Good father! how foolish are our minds! —
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of — willow,
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here. —
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to
Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
[Singing.

*Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;*

Lay by these. —

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee: he'll come anon. —

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —*

Nay, that's not next. — Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:*

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Dost that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. — O, these men, these men! —
Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 't is a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world, — why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth. Is 't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else; let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons. —
'Tis but a man gone: — forth, my sword; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die: — be 't so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 't is he. — Villain, thou diest.

[Rushing out, and making a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine. *[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]*

Rod. O! I am slain.

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the Leg, and exit.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. — Light, ho! murder! murder!
[Falls.

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio. — Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is e'en so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'T is he. — O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me. — Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies: — strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan. — It is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains:
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! —
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]

Rod. O, help me! here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog! —

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! — Where be these bloody
thieves? —

How silent is this town! — Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! —
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! — Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: — so. — O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas! he faints. — O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury. —

Patience a while, good Cassio. — Come, come.

Lend me a light. — Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no: — yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, Sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? — O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he. — O! that 's well said; — the chair. —

[A Chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. — For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour. — He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale? — O, bear him out o' the air. —

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen. — Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? —

Nay, an you stir: — we shall hear more anon. —

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas! what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. — Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. —
What! do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd. —
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale. —

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. —

Will you go on, I pray? — This is the night,

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
It is the cause. — Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then — put out the light?

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: — I'll smell it on the tree. —

[*Kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! — One more, one more. —
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. — One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love. — She wakes —

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, — heaven forefend — I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving. —
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
Than I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! — I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio;
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him. — Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. My fear interprets then. — What! is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive, —

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord!

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? — Not dead! not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain. —

So, so!

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes; — 't is Emilia, — By and by. — She's dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high. — Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave. — Shall she come in? Were 't good?
 I think she stirs again: — no. — What's the best?
 If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
 My wife! my wife! what wife? — I have no wife:
 O, insupportable, O heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak with you.
 O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia. —
 Soft, — by and by: — let me the curtains draw. —
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the Door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
 Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
 And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice: —
 Help! Help, ho! help! — O lady, speak again!
 Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O! who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:

'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore,

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love. —

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed, —
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. — Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter? — How now, general!

Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie. —
She false with Cassio! — Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy!

I think upon 't, — I think, — I smell 't: — O villainy!

I thought so then: — I'll kill myself for grief. —

O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'T is proper I obey him, but not now. —

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Falling on the Bed.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O! she was foul. — [Rising.

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out: — I hold my peace, Sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north.
 Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil.

I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his Wife.*

Fie!

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
 I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,
 (More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
 He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
 And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
 O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
 Do with so good a woman? [*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder? — Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
 Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 't is a damned slave. [*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
 And die in music: — *Willow, willow, willow.* —

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die, — I die.

[Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper. —

O! here it is. — Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop. — But, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now. —

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires. — Where should Othello go? —

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;

Even like thy chastity. — O, cursed slave! —

Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; — but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello! that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What! not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff! —
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, — Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. — Come; bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that. — I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
 Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
 And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him — thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee: — no way but this,
[Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To IAGO.]
 This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
 Let it be hid. — Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you. — To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
 The time, the place, the torture: — O, enforce it!
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY,	} Triumvirs.	MENAS,	} Friends to Pom-
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		MENECRATES,	
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		VARRIUS,	
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to	Cæsar.
DOMITIUS ENOBRABUS,	} Friends of Antony.	CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to	Antony.
VENTIDIUS,		SILIUS, an Officer under Ventidius.	
EROS,		EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from	Antony to Cæsar.
SCARUS,		ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS,	and DIOMEDES, Attendants on
DERCETAS,		Cleopatra. A Soothsayer. A Clown.	
DEMETRIUS,		CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.	
PHILO,	} Friends to Cæsar.	OCTAVIA, Sister to Cæsar, and	Wife to Antony.
MECÆNAS,		CHARMIAN,	} Attendants on Cleo-
AGRIPPA,		IRAS,	
DOLABELLA,			patra.
PROCULEIUS,			
THYREUS,			
GALLUS,			

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn

The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
 And is become the bellows, and the fan,
 To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains;
 Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd
 Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: — the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
 Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance, — nay, and most like, —
 You must not stay here longer; your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony. —
 Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say? — Both? —
 Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
 When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. — The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing.
 And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —
 Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
 No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
 To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
 That he approves the common liar, who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is 't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more believing, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen, and proved a fairer former fortune,
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your
wishes.

Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be,
drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,
I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day
fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I,
where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come,
his fortune, his fortune. — O! let him marry a woman that cannot
go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee: and let her die too, and give him
a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow
him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good Isis, hear
me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight,
good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people;
for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived,
so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: there-
fore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do 't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden,
A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,*
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. — On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me. — 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia: whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us;
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit.]*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon. — Is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. *[Giving a Letter.]*

Ant. Forbear me. —

[Exit Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. — How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir! no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, Sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be
withou you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends
on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part: for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too,
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you. — If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen, —

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant.

What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? — You may go:

Would, she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know, —

Cleo.

O! never was there queen

So mightily betray'd; yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Most sweet queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words; no going then:
 Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
 Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
 There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services a while, but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safe my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from childishness. — Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Look here; and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
 See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice: by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come. —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target: — Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would, —
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
 Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
 Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR's House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 One great competitor. From Alexandria
 This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
 A man, who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
 Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
 To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't; but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours, — 't is to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.

Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs.

I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:

No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian, —

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha! —

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, Mardian —

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing,
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O, Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. — He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where 's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: — think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony;
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee. —

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd, — the last of many doubled kisses, —
 This orient pearl: — his speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
 Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,"
 Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What! was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! — Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
 O heavenly mingle! — Be 'st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. — Ink and paper, Charmian. —
Welcome, my good Alexas. — Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days,
When I was green in judgment: — cold in blood,
To say as I said then! — But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S House.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
 The people love me, and the sea is mine;
 My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
 Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, Sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome together,
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wand lip!
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness. — How now, Varrius!

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver.
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is
 A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear. — Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
 For such a petty war: his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
 His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
 His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
 'T were pregnant they should square between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have 't! It only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then —

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go
to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,

Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no farther
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,

Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mécænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it
again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing
else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore, speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
 To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment! — Let me have thy hand:
 Further this act of grace, and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly: let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
 By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! — my honourable friend, Agrippa! —

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest,
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go. —

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady. —
Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him. —

[Exit Soothsayer.]

H shall to Parthia. — Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies. — O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. — Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now. —
Give me mine angle, — we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time, — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then, put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philipian. —

Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy? —

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, Madam, —

Cleo. Antony's dead? —

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful, — so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 't is well;
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, Madam, —

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, Madam? no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strikes him down.]

Mess. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? — Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run. —
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. — Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him. —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. — Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. O! I would, thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O! that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not! What! thou'rt sure of? — Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! — 'T is no matter. —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly. —

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go: — let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars. — Bid you Alexas [To MARDIAN.]
Bring me word, how tall she is. — Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. — Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENO-BARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods. — I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honoured, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy! at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:

But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus we are agreed.

I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Eno. No more of that: — he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand:

I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee. —
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, Sir.

Pom.

Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — [*Aside.*] — You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, Sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, Sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, Sir?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever kni't together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

On Board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir. [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, — and some wine! — A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolémies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon. — This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, Sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so; and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go, hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. — Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside.*] I think, thou 'rt mad. The matter?

[*Walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say? — Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, And though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on 't. In me, 't is villainy; In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know, 'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour, Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man: see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, he is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast
From all four days, than drink so much in once.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands. —
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
 The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing;
 The holding every man shall bear, as loud
 As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine;
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
 In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
 Cup us, till the world go round;
 Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more? — Pompey, good night. —
 Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
 Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part;
 You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe
 Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night. —
 Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir. Give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony!

You have my father's house. — But what? we are friends.
 Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not. —

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. —

These drums! — these trumpets, flutes! what! —

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd! sound out!

[*A Flourish.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a! — There's my cap.

Men. Ho! — noble captain! come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's body Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony, Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius! I have done enough: a lower place, note well, May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius, Better to leave undone, than by our deeds acquire Too high a fame, when him we serve's away. Cæsar and Antony have ever won More in their officer, than person: Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. Who does i' the wars more than his captain can, Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.— On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What! are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar; — go no farther.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So, —
[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother! —

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewell.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleq. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to. — Come hither, Sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? — Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty, —

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish! —
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't. — There's nothing in her yet. —
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

- Mess.* Madam,
She was a widow.
- Cleo.* Widow? — Charmian, hark.
- Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty.
- Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round?
- Mess.* Round, even to faultiness.
- Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so. —
Her hair, what colour?
- Mess.* Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
- Cleo.* There's gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. *[Exit Messenger.]*
- Char.* A proper man.
- Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
- Char.* Nothing, Madam.
- Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
- Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
- Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
- Char.* I warrant you, Madam. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
 He vented them; most narrow measure lent me.
 When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
 Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord!
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts:
 The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 "O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself: better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste:
 So, your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind each other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy; and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught;
But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of it.
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
 Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
 And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her
 He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
 Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
 His sons he there proclaim'd, the kings of kings:
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander: to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
 As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
 His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate
 Should be depos'd; and, being that, we detain
 All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
 I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
 I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men, and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her : he hath given his empire
 Up to a whore ; who now are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :
 King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
 Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
 The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
 That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither.
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities ;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make his ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mer. Welcome, dear Madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large,
 In his abominations, turns you off,
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
 Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply: —
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? — You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. — Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare, yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat th' approaching Cæsar: but if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land. — Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange, that his power should be. — Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: we'll to our ship.

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis! — How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O, noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well. — Away!

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws forth
Each minute some. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.**Cæs.* Taurus!*Taur.* My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
 Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
 Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
 Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond' side o' the hill,
 In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
 We may the number of the ships behold,
 And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way over
 the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other
 Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-
 Fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
 The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
 To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
 All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
 With very ignorance: we have kiss'd away
 Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
 Where death is sure. Yond' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
 Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight, —

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder; —
The brize upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O! he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to hear me. — Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. — I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders. — Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. — O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now: —
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by and by. *[Sits down.]*

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him; comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam, —

Irás. Madam: O good empress! —

Eros. Sir, Sir, —

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes. — He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, Madam, speak to him:
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, — sustain me: — O!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit
The full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
 Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
 How much you were my conqueror; and that
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
 All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
 Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster;
 Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead. —
 Some wine, within there, and our viands! — Fortune knows,
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

CÆSAR's Camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony. —
 Know you him?

Del. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
 I was of late as petty to his ends,
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
 To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private man in Athens: this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: this if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time; despatch.
 From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To THYREUS.
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers. Women are not
 In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled

From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other, why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question. 'T was a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it. —

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him, therefore,
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd; sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' the show
 Against a sworder. — I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What no more ceremony? — See, my women! —
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. *[Aside.]*
 The loyalty well held to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly; yet he, that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar has,
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
 Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So. —
 Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Farther than he is Cæsar's.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
 Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows

What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. — Sir, Sir, thou 'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there. — Ay, you kite! — Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cry'd, "ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him. — Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of — she here, what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,

Bring him again. — The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. — [*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord, —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: —

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! — O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. —

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on 't. — Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike

My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:

Hence, with thy stripes! begone!

[Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon

Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear! if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy, too,
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours

Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night. — Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:

I had thought, to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my queen;
There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge: and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MECENAS, and
Others.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die, mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on. —
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. — Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
Thou, — and thou, — and thou: — you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'T is one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep:
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let 's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.]

4 *Sold.* Here we: *[They take their Posts.]* and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose. *[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.]*

4 *Sold.* Peace! what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace! I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. *[They advance to another Post.]*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters!

Omnes. How now!
How now! do you hear this?

[Speaking together.]

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is 't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content: 'T is strange. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and Others,
attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on: —
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is,
Because we brave her. — Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: — false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. — Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm. —
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou. Despatch. — O, love!
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see.

Enter an armed Soldier.

A workman in 't. — Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains, and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. — Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
So so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable, [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. — You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. — Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony, — but now, — well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

ANTONY's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men: — despatch. — Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and
Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Is come into the field. *Antony*

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa.
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius; and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you sa'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony!
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee?—No: I will go seek

Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression

Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests. — To-morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood •
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all,
 For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole. — Give me thy hand:

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o' the world!
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
 Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand: —
 Kiss it, my warrior: — he hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand:
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together,
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises royal peril: — Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard. The night
 Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
 A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O! bear me witness, night, —

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent. —

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!

Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
 The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, Sir, awake! speak to us.

2 Sold.

Hear you, Sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. Hark! the
drums

[Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:

We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or i' the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us (order for sea is given,

They have put forth the haven)

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

VI.

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the auguries
Say, they know not, — they cannot tell; — look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.*]

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. — Bid them all fly; be gone. [Exit SCARUS.]
O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. — All come to this? — The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. —
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

[*Exit CLEO.*

'T is well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor; thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon:
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't. — Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
 Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death. —
 To the monument!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
 They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
 The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body: here I am Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape; my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,
 Whose heart, I thought, I had; for she had mine,
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
 A million more, now lost: she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar's, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph. —

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves. — O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then, in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. — That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. — [*Exit MARDIAN.*] Off, pluck
off: —

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: — bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me a while. — [*Exit EROS.*]
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done. —
Eros! — I come, my queen. — Eros! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then would'st kill me: do 't; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, Sir! pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,

Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! *[Turning from him.]*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then, let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: — *[Falls on his Sword.]* Thus do I
escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. *[Dies.]*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus *[Falling on his Sword.]*
I learn'd of thee. — How! not dead? not dead? —
The guard! — how? — O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. *[Exeunt Guard.]*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *[Exit DERCETAS.]*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead,
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
 I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.

The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
 But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it. — How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
 His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling stand
 The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony!
 Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: help, friends
 Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
 Should conquer Antony; but woe't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
 I here importune death a while, until
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last
 I lay upon thy lips. —

Cleo. I dare not, dear,

(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,
 Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
 Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. — But come, come, Antony, —
 Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up. —
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
 Wishers were ever fools. — O! come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, when thou hast liv'd:
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
 Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety. — O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.
 None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
 None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
 Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest; and do now not basely die,
 Not cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
 I can no more.

[Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty? — O! see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt. — My lord! —
 O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady! —

Iras. Madam! —

Char. O Madam, Madam, Madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares. — It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel: all's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
 My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,

Our lamp is spent, it's out. — Good sirs, take heart:

[*To the Guard below.*]

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's Body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS,
PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks us by the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas.
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; — but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconcilable should divide

Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season :

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
We 'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungente.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! *[Exit.]*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit PROCULEIUS.]*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? *[Exit GALLUS.]*

All. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he 's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,
and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What 's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[*PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*]

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen! —

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a Dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, Sir, that I

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To CLEOPATRA.*]
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
 [*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
 Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony:
 O, such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you, —

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods:
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable, —

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

Within. Make way there! — Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, Madam. [CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus: my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 't is yours; and we
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. — Where 's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd! — What! goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance. — Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs.

Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again:

I have spoken already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char.

Behold, Sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

Cleo.

Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. — Now, Charmian? —

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen: — go fetch
My best attires; — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. — Sirrah, Iras, go. —
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise? *[Exit IRAS. A noise within.]*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.]*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that
should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those
that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of
them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but some-
thing given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of ho-
nesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. —
Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will
believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do.
But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now, no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. — Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. — Methinks, I hear Antony call: I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life. — So, — have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian: — Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O! could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolici'd!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle. —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too. —

[Applying another Asp to her Arm.

What should I stay — [Falls on a Bed, and dies.

Char. In this wild world? — So, fare thee well. —

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play —

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent —

Char.

Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the Asp.]

O! come; apace; despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar: call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?— Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and all his Train.

Dol. O, Sir! you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar!

This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness! —
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear

By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*



C Y M B E L I N E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.	A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.	CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, Husband to Imogen.	A Roman Captain.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.	Two British Captains.
GUIDERIUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.	PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
ARVIRAGUS, {	CORNELIUS, a Physician.
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, {	Two Gentlemen.
IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, {	Two Jailors.
	QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.
	IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
	HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. The Garden behind CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the king they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, — alack, good man! —
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Terantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,

Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
 (Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in court;
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd;
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,
 So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman, the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter, After the slander of most step-mothers, Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but Your jailer shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win th' offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good, You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit QUEEN.*]

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds! — My dearest husband, I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what His rage can do on me. You must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:

My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
 To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
 This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another? —
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And sear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death! — Remain, remain thou here
 [*Putting on the Ring.*]

While sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
 I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
 It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*]

Imo. O, the gods!
 When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing!
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir: heaven restore me! — Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing! —
They were again together: you have done [To the QUEEN.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. — Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie! — you must give way:
Here is your servant. — How now, Sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part. —
To draw upon an exile! — O brave Sir! —
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. — Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
 Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,
 Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

A Public Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it — Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. [Aside.] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. [Aside.] His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. [Aside.] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. [Aside.] As many inches as you have oceans. — Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. [Aside.] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. [Aside.] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. [Aside.] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I! —
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

The queen, Madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd. —
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then
of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath
been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him
without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endow-
ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And, then, his banishment. —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. —

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. — I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords;

and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly: let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. — If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; — provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. — Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers :
Make haste. Who has the note of them ?

1 Lady.

I, Madam.

Queen. Despatch. — *[Exeunt Ladies.]*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, Madam :
[Presenting a small Box.]

But I beseech your grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O ! content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio! —
Doctor, your service for this time is ended:
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, Madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen.

Hark thee, a word. — [*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor.

I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in
time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art, then,
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot; nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him. — Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: — nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her: do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*] — A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. — I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so; — well done, well done.

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. — Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*

Pis.

And shall do;

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd: — O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach.

Change you, Madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a Letter.]

Imo.

Thanks, good Sir:

You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! *[Aside.]*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads.]* "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust —"

"LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I

Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach; and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well. — Beseech you, Sir, desire
[To PISANIO.]

My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

[Exit PISANIO.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man, — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you, — which I account his beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labour) then by peeping in an eye,
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo.

Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach.

Should he make me

Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed,
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo.

What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! — I do condemn mine ears, that have
 So long attended thee. — If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike. — What ho, Pisanio! —
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. — What ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. — Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, Sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done

In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form. Their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O! no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O! I must, Madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to 'me: it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the
jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't:
and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swear-

ing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord*. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord*. [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 *Lord*. No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! — I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord*. [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. — A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord*. [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord*. [*Aside.*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord*. There 's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess!
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady.

Please you, Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady.

Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
 To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do 't! — 'T is her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows; white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. — But my design,
 To note the chamber: I will write all down: —
 Such, and such, pictures: — there the window; — such
 Th' adornment of her bed: — the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such; — and the contents o' the story. —
 Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come off; —

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard! —
 'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. — On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. — To what end,
 Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up. — I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
 One, two, three, — time, time!

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, — and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,*

*His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
 Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
 She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
 Who lets go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
 To orderly solicits, and be friended
 With aptness of the season: make denials
 Increase your services: so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome:
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. — Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our queen.

[Exeunt CYM., QUEEN, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. — By your leave, ho! — *[Knocks.]*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. *[Knocks.]*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? — The princess —

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men. — How now, Pisanio'

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently. —

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
 Frighted, and anger'd worse. — Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw 't this morning: confident I am,

Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit *Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me. —

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, Sir.

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd. —

His meanest garment? — Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, Sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission thoroughly; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
 (Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
 The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'T is very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet. —
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness, which
 Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach.

Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post.

Make not, Sir,

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
 Must not continue friends.

Iach.

Good Sir, we must,

If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 We were to question farther; but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with your ring; and not the wronger
 Of her, or you, having proceeded but
 By both your wills.

Post.

If you can make 't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
 And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
 Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
 To who shall find them.

Iach.

Sir, my circumstances,

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
 I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
 You need it not.

Post.

Proceed.

Iach.

First, her bed-chamber,

(Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess,
 Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour. —
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see! —

[*Producing the Bracelet.*]

And now 't is up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove! —

Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O! no, no, no; 't is true. Here, take this too;
[*Giving the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing. —
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one, her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. — Back my ring. —
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'T is true; — nay, keep the ring — 't is true. I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable: — they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: — she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly. —

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on 't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For farther satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold.
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn, —

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father. — I'll do something —

[*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow: — O, all the devils! —
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was 't not? —
Or less, — at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd "oh!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard, Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. — Yet 't is greater skill,

In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door;
and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again. — Remember, Sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world) against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His broys within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than

Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me, then. — War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury not to be resisted. — Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold;
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us
 a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms,
 you shall find us in our salt-walter girdle: if you beat us out of it,
 it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the
 better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monsters her accuse? — Leonatus!
 O, master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongued, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. — O, my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? “Do’t. The letter [*Reading.*
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:” — O damn’d paper!
 Black as the ink that’s on thee. Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look’st
 So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.

O! learn’d indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He’d lay the future open. — You good gods,
 Let what is here contain’d relish of love,
 Of my lord’s health, of his content, — yet not,
 That we two are asunder, — let that grieve him:
 Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love; — of his content,
 All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave. — Bless’d be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid’s tables. — Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

“Justice, and your father’s wrath, should he take me in his
 dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of
 creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice,
 that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will

out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all happiness,
that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,
"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st, —
O, let me 'bate! — but not like me; — yet long'st, —
But in a fainter kind: — O! not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse: — but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. — But this is foolery. —
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure. — O, boys! this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then, was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunter's language. — He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story, say, — “Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;” even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure,

Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd. —
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. — The game is up.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand. — Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now, — Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still. — My husband's hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man: thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. — No; 't is slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that 's false to his bed: Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness. — Iachimo Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour 's good enough. — Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ripp'd: — to pieces with me! — O! Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming, By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought Put on for villany; not born where 't grows, But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something's afore 't: — Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, despatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed, then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time,
 To lose so bad employment; in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,

But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how livè?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court, —

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here 's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('T is in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you will make him know,
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd, but we 'll even

All that good time will give us. - This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. - To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. - May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo.

Amen. I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc.

Thanks, royal Sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym.

Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc.

So, Sir. I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven. -
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office!
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc.

Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. — Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better :
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it. — Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, Sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud noise we make

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear prove false!

[*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. —

[*Exit CLOTEN.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may
This night forestal him of the coming day! [*Exit QUEEN.*

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite

Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsell them all. I love her therefore; but,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall —

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
 Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
 Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter —
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord!
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
 No farther halting: satisfy me home
 What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word, — No more of worthy lord, —
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir,
 This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight.

[Presenting a Letter.]

Clo. Let's see 't. — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. — Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those
employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a
serious industry, — that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to
perform it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest man:
thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice
for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly
thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou
canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy
late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore
when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let
it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven. — I forgot to ask him one
thing; I'll remember 't anon. — Even there thou villain, Posthu-
mus, will I kill thee. — I would, these garments were come. She
said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart)
that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than
my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my
qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first

kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it. — Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. — To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. — Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true; to lapse in fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars. — My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
 My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. — But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 't is some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. — Ho! Who 's here?
 If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend. — Ho! — No answer? then, I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [She enters the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what 's homely, savoury: weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave: we 'll browse on that,
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay: come not in.

[Looking in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! — Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All-gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd.
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,

I should woo hard, but be your groom. — In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. — Most welcome.
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers? — [*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons: then, had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less wel-
come.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber) I mean, the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more

strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here:

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, — yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, Sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I
have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. — Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field! —
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. [Exit IMOGEN.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings.

Gui. But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow; patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away! — Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. — I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he. — We are held as outlaws: — hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. — What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villian, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in, yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reckon.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd.

VI.

Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me. — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,

In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage
For his return.

[Solemn Music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his Arms.

Bel. Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst a most rare boy, of melancholy. —
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. — To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. — Begin.

S O N G.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
 Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
 Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
 Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
 Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
 Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
 Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
 Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
 Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
 And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces. —
 You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew. —
 Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
 The ground that gave them first has them again:
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. *[Awaking.]* Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the
 way? —

I thank you. — By yond' bush? — Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pittikins! — can it be six miles yet? —
 I have gone all night: — 'faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
 But, soft! no bedfellow. — O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on 't. — I hope I dream,
 For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so:
 'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man! — The garment of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face —
 Murder in heaven! — How? — 'T is gone. — Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio —
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! — O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where 's that? Ah me! where 's that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. — How should this be? Pisanio!
 'T is he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O! 't is pregnant, pregnant.
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten: O! —
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Sooth-
 sayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending

You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. — Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus: —
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. — How! a page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. — Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon. — Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee. — My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave: come, arm him. — Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son;
 A madness, of which her life 's in danger. — Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. — But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing he was here:
 I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:
 We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [To PISANIO.
 Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen! —
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. — Away! [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'T is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel.

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui.

This is, Sir, a doubt,

In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv.

It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel.

O! I am known

Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance: and, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui.

Than be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv.

By this sun that shines,

I'll thither: what thing is't, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
 Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,
 Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go.

If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me by
 The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
 Lead, lead. — [*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks
 scorn,
 Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves,
 For wrying but a little? — O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands;
 No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey! — I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: at the other Side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor Soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO, and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

*The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken:
 then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVI-
 RAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
 The lane is guarded, nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons; they rescue CYM-
 BELINE, and exeunt: then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought. The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for 's country: athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
 "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
 To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand!" — These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing) with this word, "stand, stand!"
 Accommodated by the place, more charming,
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick forthwith they fly,
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made. And now our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
 The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,
 O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
 "Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going? — This is a lord. O noble misery!
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me.
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war: — Well, I will find him;
 For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'T is thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 't is reported;
But none of them can be found. — Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-
RAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present
POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Jailer;
after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Jailers.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen; you have locks upon
you:

So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Jailers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
 By the sure physician, death, who is the key
 T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
 More than my shanks, and wrists: you good gods, give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
 Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
 So children temporal fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement: that 's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
 Through light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

[He sleeps.]

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them: then, after other Music follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well?
Whose face I never saw;
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law.
Whose father, then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That striking in our country's cause
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due,
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look, look out:
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry,
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing: hush! — How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married. — Rise, and fade! —
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter.

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
 His radiant roof. — Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and
 begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
 And so I am awake. — Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

Jail. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted, rather; ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, Sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. — Your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help

him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of jailers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,

That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are: — report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. — Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? — Is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless—desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. — Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. — I know not why, nor wherefore,

To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy-master; live,
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack!
There's other work in hand. — I see a thing
Bitter to me as death. — Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys. —
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele. — What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not: forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gwi. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see farther.

Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress!

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, [*To IACHIMO.*] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. — On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd

The mansion where) 't was at a feast, (O! would
 Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
 Those which I heav'd to head) the good Posthumus,
 (What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill men were, and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye: —

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This Posthumus,
 (Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
 And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity — there it begins.
 He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design. well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof, enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
 Methinks, I see him now, —

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend! — Ah me! most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come! — O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't: — the temple
 Of virtue was she: — yea, and she herself
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain

Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villainy less than 't was! — O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear! —

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen! help,
 Mine, and your mistress. — O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help! —
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O! get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
 Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
 As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
 To temper poisons for her; still pretending
 The satisfaction of her knowledge, only

In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

[*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now! my flesh, my child?
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't. [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O! she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour: what became of him,
 I farther know not.

Gui. Let me end the story.

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.

This is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself; and hath
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone;
 They were not born for bondage.

[To the Guard.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
 As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here 's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father 's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

(For such; and so they are) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them: my breeding was, Sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious Sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world. —
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guiderius:
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son: he, Sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. O! what am I

A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. — Bless'd pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. — O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. — O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. — Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. —
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever. [To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. — That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again; [kneeling.
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. — Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing

Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [Coming forward.]

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,

Is this most constant wife; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin. — And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. —
Set on there. — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

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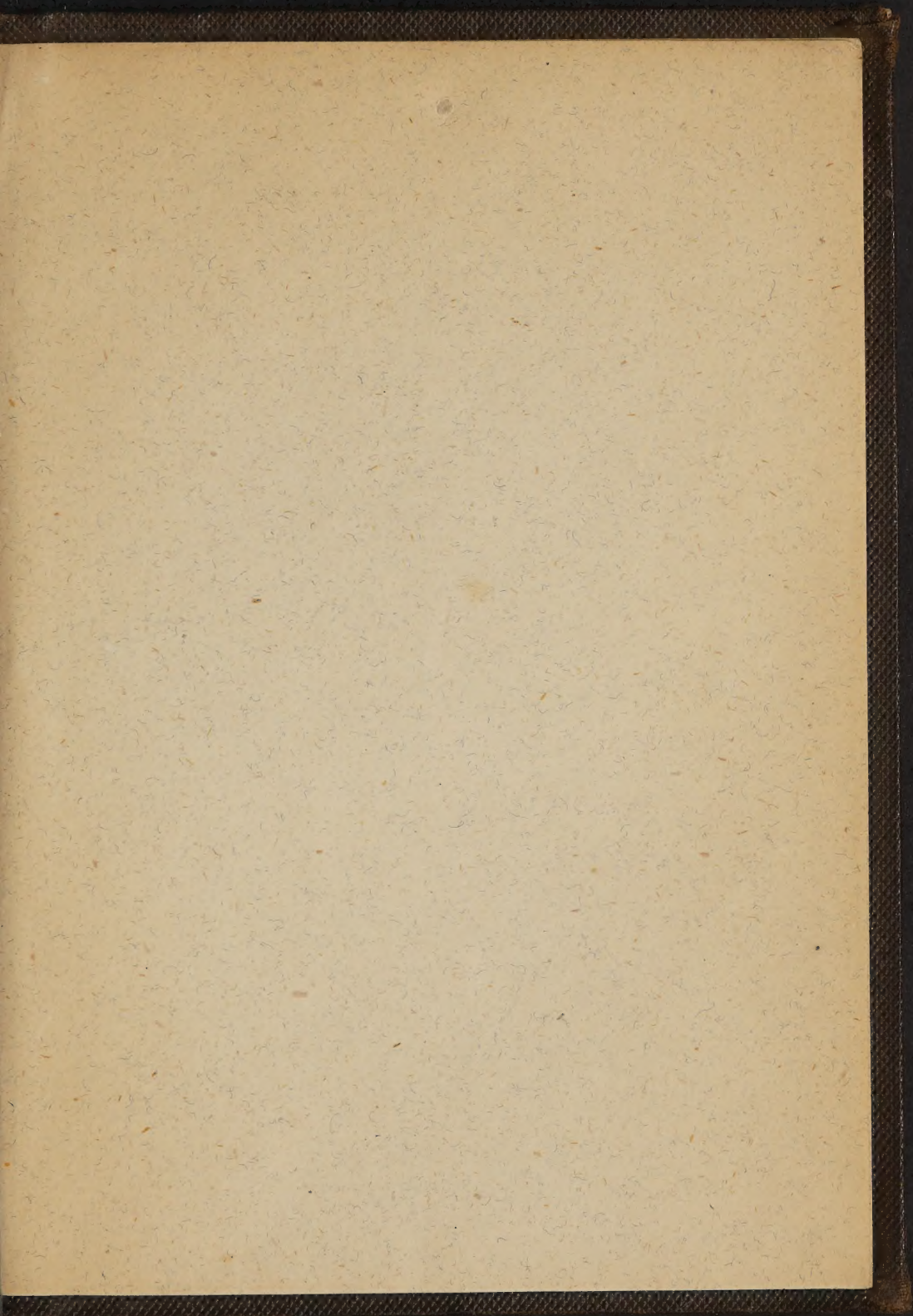
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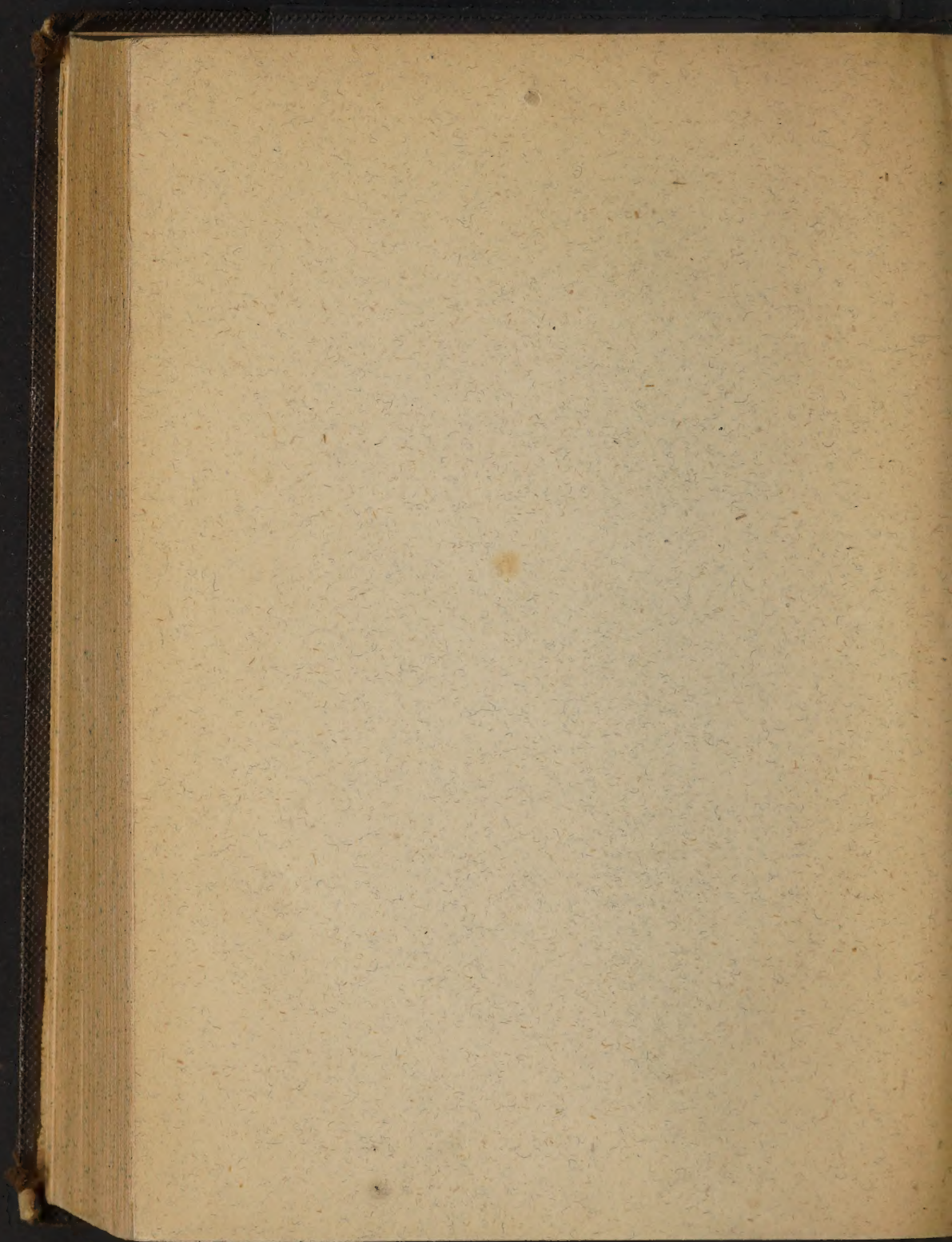
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